

The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arme the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificiing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secur'd from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
whose fortunes *Romes* best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly reserue
The

of Titus Andronicus.

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, outline thy fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars,
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:

Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solans* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With these our late deccased Emperours sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that shakes for age and feeblenes:
What should I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and seruice of their noble Countrie:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controule the world,

B

Vpright